

## Plays Grand Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

FINAL arrangements for the production of Eugene Walter's dramatization of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" have not been completed by the syndicate formed to put the play on. The syndicate arranged with Mr. Walter for the rights, and then, it seems, Lee Shubert became interested and talked with John Fox Jr., author of the book, about a production. Mr. Fox lent an attentive ear, and as a result matters are more or less deadlocked. Cohan & Harris once had a plan to stage this play with William Collier's son, Buster, in the chief role.

### TO PLAY "MY NEW CURATE"

Pupils and former pupils of Holy Name School, Ninety-seventh Street and Amsterdam Avenue, will present a play called "My New Curate" by Canon Sheehan, at the school Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of next week. Patrick Costello and Patrick Mason will have the leading roles. The receipts will go to the school's fund.

### HE FIXED MATTERS.

Eugene Kelly Allen declares he discovered the "groggier" cigar clerk yesterday. Mr. Allen went into the tobacco store and asked for his favorite cigar. The clerk put a box before him.

### HOPKINS TO CLOSE ONE.

Charles Hopkins will close the tour of his special "Treasure Island" company in Baltimore on March 4. The attraction will likely go out again next season. Business for it was very good in most of the cities visited. In Washington next Saturday an extra morning performance will be given.

### BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Did you ever feel so lonesome, so disgusted and so blue that you wished you had a yellow dog to tell your troubles to—just a scrawny little fellow that would wag his crooked tail and give you morose sympathy? I have had such spells, dear reader. Yes, indeed, I've seen the day when a dog, that was a kind of a blue dog, came to give away, could have pulled me from the sticky mud of Heavy-Hearted Dog, for there's nothing like the friendship of a worthless, yellow dog. There's a true blue heart that's clumping in his little yellow breast. From his eyes a love comes gleaming that will stand the hardest test. He inspires you with his actions for a chance to be your dog. For a gentle word he thanks you in a manner plain, but dumb. Take me some where West of Kansas where there are no canine kings; where the value of a dog depends upon the love he brings. Let a mutt, with tail-piece wagging, come to meet me on a log. Say, there's nothing like the friend ship of a worthless yellow dog.

### DAVE'S AT IT AGAIN.

Dry Goods Dave, the Fort Lee Perry poet, has sent us another. Here it is:

He made not a counterman who came the night to see.  
He went into a restaurant to get a cup of tea.  
The waiter said, "Mr. Perry, you're all right."  
But first you'd better drop a fire-out plan into a slot.  
This line is the cup of tea and then he went outside.  
To hear a Broadway car and see the street that's full of life.  
And then he dropped a coin as straight as a die.  
"Ding-dang it all!" he muttered, as upon the car he looked.  
"It's lucky I was wise of else they never would be stopped."

### MISS BREWSTER'S MISTAKE.

Betty Brewster, actress, has an auto. The other day she telephoned a garage and arranged to keep it there. Later she drove over on East Thirty-eighth, or some other street—she isn't quite sure which—and found a garage. In drove Miss Brewster. "Is the manager here?" she asked. "No, ma'am," said a chauffeur. "Well, I am Betty Brewster and I have arranged to leave my car here." She gave the chauffeur her telephone number and left. At 5 o'clock her telephone rang. "We have a car here," said a man, "which I understand is yours. With whom did you arrange to leave it here, may I ask. This is Mrs. Fargo's private garage."

### GOSSIP.

Edward Peppé is quite ill with heart trouble. There will be a fashion show at the Cohan Grand Opera House, Chicago, Monday. Eddie Pidgeon says Broadway has gone "Hawaiian crazy." And if you don't believe it, will you please drop in Reisenweber's new Hawaiian room and argue it out with him? The Mullers, ice skaters, will give an exhibition of fancy skating at St. Nicholas rink Wednesday, Feb. 28, for the benefit of the Belgian relief fund. A youth with Werner & Ambros at Proctor's Fifth Avenue imitates Charley Chaplin so cleverly this week that you are almost afraid it's Charley himself. Theodore Bendix will furnish a large symphony orchestra to play at the Herman Ridder memorial service in Carnegie Hall to-morrow.

### CAREFUL, GIRLS!

Elizabeth Marbury has requested

### PRICE IN LUCK.

Frank J. Price, paragon of the Morning Telegraph, has just had a piece of good luck. His brother, Henry T. Price, commercial editor of the Globe, has purchased an interchangeable opera hat.

### FOOLISHNESS.

"Just give me time," said Marie Paine. "And my arrest, I can explain."

### FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Have you heard the story about the deep hole?"  
"No."  
"Well! well!"

## "S'MATTER, POP?"



## FLOOEY AND AXEL—Well, if We Were in Axel's Place We Would Ask the Very Same Question!



## HENRY HASENPFEFFER—Judging by the Man's Nose He, However, Has Been Preserved in Good Spirits!



## BOBBY IN ALPHABET LAND

By Eleanor Schorer



FEW were the minutes it took for Bobby to fall asleep and he found "Mr. F" waiting for him in Alphabet Land. "How do you do to-day?" "Mr. F" inquired of Bobby. "I am not at all happy," answered Bob. "I do not like my new teacher. She is awfully cranky to every one 'cept those she likes. Freddy Brown is her pet and so he always gets 100 per cent. in his lessons."

"Do you try hard to do your lessons right?" asked "Mr. F" who had often heard children complain this way.

"Oh, I can't understand what teacher tells me. She don't know how to teach, anyway. I bet she don't know half the lessons herself," Bob answered sulkily.

"Then you have no faith in your teacher," decided "Mr. F." "Ah, that is the trouble, you have no faith! 'Faith' is my godchild. Faith is what makes us do best things. Encouragement of course does a mighty lot, but encouragement comes from the outside and cannot always be depended upon, but Faith is a thing within ourselves and never can it fail us! We can call upon it to serve ourselves or others and it is always there. Just now you need it to serve yourself, Bobby."

"Mr. F" declared as majestically he changed the scene and Bobby saw his teacher as a little girl, herself at school studying bravely and being promoted every time. And when she graduated with highest honors Bob began to think that she must be clever after all.

Next "Mr. F" showed how in high school many girls could not pass the exams, but this young lady who is now his teacher kept up, graduated, and from there passed on to training school.

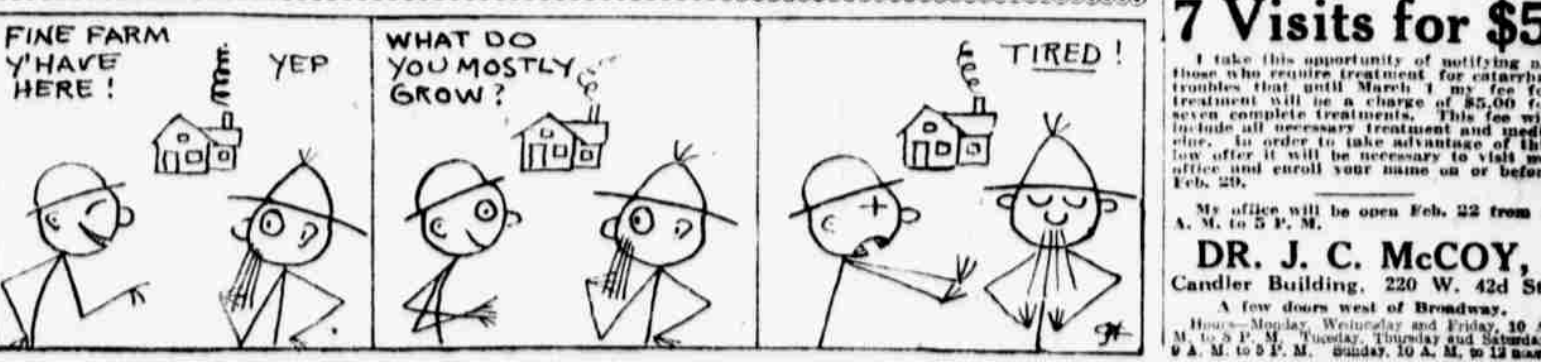
Little by little, as he watched, Bobby's faith in teacher grew. "Mr. F" bid him good morning and Bob jumped out of bed and dressed in time to go over his lessons. At school his new interest helped him keep pace with Freddy Brown, who had had faith in teacher all the time Bob saw, too, that the teacher had no pets, only of course she could not get on as well with the children who sulked and thought it no use to study and all that.

After his Alphabet Land adventure with "Mr. F" Bobby has Faith in all things and all people until they prove unworthy, which he finds seldom happens. You cannot imagine how much happier he is.

## COMICKETTES

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By Hazen Conklin



## 7 Visits for \$5

I take this opportunity of notifying all those who require treatment for catarrhal troubles that until March 1 my fee for treatment will be a charge of \$5.00 for seven complete treatments. This fee will include all necessary treatment and medicine. In order to take advantage of this low offer it will be necessary to visit my office and enroll your name on or before Feb. 25.

My office will be open Feb. 22 from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

**DR. J. C. McCOY,**  
Candler Building, 220 W. 42d St.  
A few doors west of Broadway.  
Hours: Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sunday, 10 A. M. to 12 Noon.

## PREPAREDNESS

By Thornton Fisher

